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SO MUCH GAINED.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

PAUL EASTMAN had sold a piece of goods to a neighbor named Bond, who handed him the money charged therefor, and left his store. The price to be paid for the article was seven dollars.—While the customer still stood by, Eastman counted the money into his drawer, and made the amount seven dollars and a half. As soon as Mr. Bond had retired, the store-keeper counted the money over, and, sure enough, there was half a dollar in excess.

"So much gained," said he, with a feeling of pleasure. "The profit was good enough, and here is so much over."

Touching the morality of the act, his thoughts, at the time, took no cognizance. Indeed, Paul Eastman had never been a man to think much about his acts as affecting others. His purposes being centred in himself, it was but natural that he should regard with approval or disapproval only such things as affected himself. There was, therefore, no reflection upon which Mr. Bond had lost, but only on what he had gained.

"So much gained," he repeated, as he separated the half dollar from the other pieces of money, and looked at it for some moments. He then threw it back into the drawer, and went to attend to another customer. This half dollar gained dishonestly, and the act not condemned in his mind as evil, had the effect of exciting the store-keeper's cupidity still farther. His next customer was an old lady from the country, and he soon perceived that she knew but little about the prices and qualities of goods. It would be as easy to get from her a large profit as a small one.

"I shall have to depend upon your honesty," said the old lady, innocently, as she stood holding a piece of goods in her hands, the style of which pleased her. "I don't know much about prices."

"You may depend on my selling you as low as any one in the trade," replied Eastman. "My store is known all over town as the 'cheap store.'"

"Can't you say any thing less than twenty cents for this?"

"That, madam, is the very lowest. We have but one price."

"Then you may cut me off ten yards."

Ten yards from that very piece were sold, only half an hour before, at fifteen cents, all Eastman had asked for it. But, he knew his customer then, as now.

"It's a beautiful piece of goods," said he, as he measured off the required number of yards. "I know you will be delighted with it."

"So much gained," was the thought of the store-keeper, as he mentally calculated the amount of excess of profit obtained through an advance beyond the regular selling price of the article.

The old lady's purchases came to about twenty dollars. She obtained for this sum, goods that almost any one else could have bought from Eastman for eighteen dollars.

"So much gained," was repeated, as the exact amount of money-benefit derived from extra charging was ascertained. "A similar transaction, every day in the year, would make me worth just six hundred dollars more than would otherwise be the case. Little matters of this kind are worth looking after."

On the next day, Eastman succeeded in pushing off upon a countryman, who could not see the defect, a piece of damaged broadcloth, upon which he had made up his mind to lose three dollars. But, the man not detecting the injury, as the goods were thrown open for his inspection, the store-keeper did not feel bound to enlighten him.

"So much gained there," said he, in great satisfaction of mind, as the customer departed, well content with his purchase. "*So—much—gained.*"

Ends of action, whether good or evil, like the muscles of an arm, gain strength by exercise. An evil purpose, once indulged, is like the formation of a nucleus in the human body. Life flows towards it, and it gains strength and increases in magnitude. If not at once obliterated by a healthy natural or spiritual resistance, in the body or mind, the centre of physical or spiritual disease enlarges itself until the whole system gives it nourishment, and ministers to its own destruction.

In the case of Eastman, the unjust appropriation of Mr. Bond's half dollar, accompanied as it was by delight at the thought of so much being gained, produced, in his mind, a point of influx for dishonest principles to flow in. Before that time, he had not committed any act so deliberate in its dishonesty as this keeping of a

half dollar clearly the property of another. But, so soon as one wrong act was done and not condemned as evil, the desire to continue in similar wrong acts, for the sake of gain, awoke in his mind. Opportunities for its gratification, as has been seen, immediately presented themselves, and they were not suffered to pass unimproved. Success but inspired a more earnest cupidity; and Mr. Eastman sought, daily, to increase his gains by little acts of over-reaching never before indulged.

Let us trace to their ultimate effects the three instances of gain which we have introduced, and see how far it was as the store-keeper supposed. Mr. Bond had with him exactly seven dollars and a half in coin, and was aware of this fact. Just as Mr. Eastman began picking up the money he had laid down, he became conscious of having paid away all that was in his pocket, and, consequently, of having made an overpayment of half a dollar. He looked at the store-keeper as he counted over what he had received, and distinctly saw him enumerate seven dollars and a half. He went away thoughtful. He had lost half a dollar, and it troubled him; the more so as he had a suspicion that Mr. Eastman knew of the overpayment and deliberately appropriated the surplus.

"I'll give him time for reflection," said he, as he walked away.

Three or four hours he thought time enough for this purpose. So in the afternoon, Mr. Bond called in at Eastman's store again, and made some trifling purchase. But nothing was said of the half dollar.

"I'm not satisfied about this matter," said Mr. Bond as he returned home. "Eastman may be innocent; but I can't help feeling doubts."

And these doubts, instead of diminishing, increased. Their effect upon the mind of Mr. Bond, was to produce a disinclination for further dealings with Eastman; and acting upon this disinclination, he withdrew his custom and made his purchases at another store. The family of Mr. Bond was large, and his custom of some importance. During the five years previous to this time, the clear profit of Eastman on the purchases of Mr. Bond's family, was not less than thirty or forty dollars a year. This went, now, into other hands. The account of profit and loss, in the transaction, could it have appeared on the ledger of Mr. Eastman, would not have been very encouraging. On the debtor side, fifty cents gained;

per contra, thirty dollars lost, in a single year, and space left to post an equal or greater amount per annum for an indefinite number of years. Thus stood the half dollar case.

When the old lady from the country exhibited her purchases to a friend in town, she was made aware of the fact that she had been the subject of a shameless imposition.

"Very well," said she, calmly, "he will gain nothing by it. I'll publish the fact for ten miles around." And she was as good as her word. Her friend in town also did her share in a similar work. The gain to Eastman had been two dollars; the loss fell little short of a hundred in a single year.

The countryman who had purchased the damaged broadcloth, took it to his tailor, who discovered the injury, though not before the garment was cut out.

"Is my coat done?" asked the countryman, going to the tailor's at the time agreed upon.

"No," was replied. "The cloth is damaged, and I didn't like to make it up until I saw you."

"What's the matter with it?"

"I'll show you."

And the tailor unrolled the garment, and exhibited defects in various places.

"That man has cheated me," said the countryman, angrily.

"Who sold you the goods?"

"Eastman."

"I used to think Eastman a very fair man; but I've heard of two or three things lately that I don't like."

"It's a swindle!"

"He'll make it good, no doubt."

"He shall make it good. How much cloth will it take to supply the damaged portion?"

"At least a yard and a quarter. The defects are in the space of half a yard; but, as I didn't discover them until the coat was cut out, they are distributed in portions of the garment that will require a yard and a quarter to replace."

"Very well. Bundle it all up, and I'll make him do what's right. No man gets ahead of me in that style."

About two weeks after Mr. Eastman had secured a clear gain of three dollars on a coat pattern of damaged broadcloth, the cus-

toomer on whom the speculation had been made entered his store with a bundle under his arm.

"Look here, Mister," said he, as he threw the bundle on the counter—"there's something wrong here."

"Indeed! What is it?" said Eastman, forcing an external composure that he did not feel. He understood pretty well what was coming.

The countryman unrolled his package, with some excitement apparent in his manner, and presented to the eye of Mr. Eastman the portions of cloth that were injured.

"That's bad," said the store keeper, looking serious.

"It is bad, and no mistake," returned the countryman.

"What's to be done about it?" Eastman looked into his customer's face to read its indications.

"I paid you for good cloth."

"I know you did."

"But this is damaged."

"So I see; and I'm sorry for it. But, the damage is not very serious."

"Beg your pardon! It is serious. Do you think I'd wear a coat with that on the back? Oh, no!"

"It needn't have come on the back. Your tailor could just as well have cut it so that the defects would have been hidden or entirely thrown out."

"That may be. But he did not see the injury until it was too late."

"He ought to have seen it," said Eastman; "and for his carelessness should be made to pay the loss."

"I don't see that he has any thing to do in the matter. I took it to him for good cloth, and he believed it to be so when he put his shears into it."

"What's to be done?"

"You'll have to make good the loss."

"I can't do that now. The cloth is spoiled. It's of no use to me. Had you brought it in the piece, the whole matter would have been simple enough."

"I don't want to have any words with you, Mr. Eastman," said the countryman in a determined voice. "If you'll do what's right in this thing, of your own accord, all well and good; if not, I'll make you, that's all!"

"See here, my good fellow," returned the store-keeper to this address—he spoke angrily—"just bear in mind that Paul Eastman was never driven an inch in his life. He won't go under whip and spur, no how. So, if you want any thing out of him, you'll have to come in another spirit."

"Bluster is all very good," said the countryman, who was a resolute fellow; "if you can only find the right persons for its exercise. As it happens, I don't belong to the class. I come to you in a plain, straight-forward way. I ask only justice; I am willing to abide the decision of any three disinterested men who may be chosen, if that plan will suit you."

"No," replied Eastman, over whose mind some hurried thoughts had passed—"I am not disposed to make a mountain out of a trifle like this. A wonderful matter to submit to referees! I'll return you three dollars for the damage, and so end the affair at once."

But the countryman shook his head. "I want only what is right," said he. "Three dollars won't heal the damage, nor give me a decent coat to wear. The tailor says that nothing less than a yard and a quarter more of cloth will enable him to get out a sound garment."

"A yard and a quarter! Preposterous! The damage didn't cover the space of half a yard!" replied Eastman, thrown off of his guard.

"Ah! Then it seems you were aware of the defect when you sold the cloth," said the countryman quickly. "So it was a deliberate swindle. Very well!"

And saying this, he rolled up the cut-out garment, and, without speaking another word, placed his bundle under his arm and went away.

This occurrence made Mr. Eastman feel any thing but comfortable. As for the countryman's threats, he did not feel greatly alarmed on their account. His departure, even though accompanied by menace, was felt to be a relief, and the store-keeper flattered himself that he had seen the last of him.

About half an hour afterwards, while attending to a customer, he saw an individual enter his store whose appearance did not produce very agreeable sensations. After the customer went out, this personage came up to Eastman, and handing him a paper, said,

"We want you around at the office at four o'clock to-day."

The paper was a magistrate's summons. As he looked at it, Eastman colored deeply.

"What's the trouble?" asked the officer, who was well acquainted with the store-keeper.

"Oh, nothing much. I sold a piece of goods, which happened to be slightly damaged, to a countryman, and he wants to make a speculation out of me. I offered him every thing that a reasonable man could have expected; but to no effect. And now, it seems, he has gone to law about it. Very well. Let him get what the law will give him."

"Some people are never contented unless in hot water," remarked the officer, as he turned away and left the store.

Notwithstanding the confident way in which Eastman had just spoken, he did not feel so very comfortable in mind; nor was he so sure that there would be a decision of the matter in his favor.

"I wish I'd taken the cloth back, and thus got rid of the whole affair," said he to himself, as he walked uneasily about his store. "But it's too late for a compromise now. He has thought fit to drag me before a magistrate; so let him get what the law will give him. He'll find that there are two sides to this question.—Moreover, if he is not sick of the business before he is done with it, I am mistaken."

Four o'clock came, and Mr. Eastman presented himself at the office of the magistrate, where his customer for the broadcloth was ready to confront him. After hearing the case, the magistrate decided that Eastman must make good the damage, and pay the costs of the legal proceedings.

"I'll appeal against your decision. It's unjust," said Mr. Eastman.

"Very well. You have the right to do so," replied the magistrate. And the appeal was made.

The countryman, obliged by this proceeding to go without a coat for a year or two, or buy a new piece of cloth outright, preferred the latter course. But he was, very naturally, indignant, and did all in his power to prejudice his neighbors against Eastman and prevent them from dealing at his store. In this he was pretty successful, and Eastman lost the sale of many coat patterns for cheating in one.

The lawyer employed by Eastman and the one feed by the countryman, being good friends and not over scrupulous, put their

heads together and resolved to make the best of the case. Each required a retaining fee of five dollars at the beginning.

"So much lost!" was the mental ejaculation of Eastman, as he left his lawyer's office after paying this fee.

"So much lost!" he repeated, when, on the case being called in court, it was, from some cause which he could not understand, postponed to another term, and he required to pay a bill of costs amounting to eight or nine dollars.

At last a decision was obtained. It affirmed the one given by the magistrate. So, after all, Eastman had to refund the countryman the price of the cloth, and pay all the court charges. It cost him, from first to last, about fifty dollars.

But the account of loss and gain was by no means settled. The notoriety given to the transaction operated most injuriously upon the interests of the store-keeper, whose business rather declined than improved. Mr. Bond hinted his suspicions about the half dollar, and the old lady from the country could never get done talking about the way she had been cheated. All these causes in active operation, had the effect to turn many old customers from, and prevent many new ones going to, the store of Mr. Eastman, who was a thousand dollars worse off at the end of three years than he would have been if his cupidity had not tempted him to overreach his neighbor. Sundry little incidents, apart from those connected with the suit, which occurred during the time, convinced him that he had made an error, and led him back to the conclusion that honesty was the best policy, and most likely to turn out more to his advantage in the end. So, he has come back to honest dealing as a matter of policy. How much better for him, were he to adopt it from principle! The benefit would be increased an hundred fold, for he would not only secure his worldly but also his eternal interests.

REPENTANCE is the work of faith; for if a man does not believe himself a sinner, he will not, cannot repent, and it is the foundation of hope, for if he does not believe he may be saved, he must despair.

THE CHILD AND THE JEWELS.

A BALLAD.—BY MARY N. MEIGS.

"COME hither, come hither, my little maid,
And sit for awhile with me,
I have treasure enow in this casket old,
It will please thee much to see,
And so come hither, my pretty one,
And sit beside my knee.

Now press the spring with thy little hand,
And open the casket flies,
Enough—look, look ye, my gentle one,
And feast thy wondering eyes!
Gramercy child! but I marvel not
To mark thy glad surprise.

Did'st e'er such a goodly sight behold?
Did'st ever such jewels see?
They might deck a queen in her courtly robes,
With their dazzling bravery,
And a queen *hath* worn them in her pride,
And lost them in poverty.

Ay, touch them all with thy fingers small,
Thou mayest, an thou list;
The brilliant sheen of the emerald,
And the purple amethyst,
And the flashing ray of the diamond, which
A rainbow light hath kissed.

The gold of my grandsires long ago,
Fair child, hath made them mine,
And on many a lovely arm and brow,
Hath laid their lustrous shine,
Would'st weave them among thy glossy curls?
Would'st love to call them thine?"

"They are glorious gems of a surety,"
Was the little maid's reply,
"They are glorious gems, and I marvel much,
At their wondrous brilliancy;
But, lady, thy jewels could not give
The things for which I sigh."

"And what is thy wish, sweet Marion?
Come, speak it bold and free—
I have golden pieces a goodly store,
And thy wish may answered be,—
Nay, fear thou not, my little maid,
But whisper it unto me."

"Ah! lady, the red gold may not win
The thing for which I sigh;
Will it bring the smile to my mother's lip,
Or the light to her gentle eye?
Will it bring back those from the ocean wide,
Who deep in its waters lie?"

THE CHILD AND THE JEWELS.

'Tis a year and more, since my brothers twain
Went over the sounding sea;
And then by our mother's lonely hearth,
There was no one left but me,
But one poor bird in the parent nest,
The youngest of the three.

And there, as the weary months rolled on,
We sat, my mother and I,
And we shrank in dread when the tempest blew,
And the winds were loud and high,
And we thought the ship to her own countrie,
Must surely be anigh.

But we watched and listened till hope grew faint,
My brothers brave to see,
For no tidings came of the noble ship,
And her gallant company;
And we prayed to God, by our lonely hearth,
In our fear and misery.

We saw them oft in our nightly dreams,
A vessel all wreathed in flame;
Or tossed a wreck on the naked rocks,
And we woke to shriek each name,
But to answer us, lady, alas! alas!
No voice in the darkness came.

Oh, then did my mother's eye grow dim,
And her lip forget to smile;
And her steps were slow, and her voice was low,
And her tasks could not beguile,
For her brain was sick with a wild despair,
And so pale she looked the while.

She felt that her gallant sons were laid,
Down, down in the foaming deep,
Where the caverns yawn for the beautiful,
And the green sea-monsters sleep,
And she thought of all the hideous things
That o'er them would coil and creep.

And then came one with a face of gloom,
And a wild and dismal tale,
Of the ocean storm, and the dashing waves,
When the mighty winds prevail;
And how the ship on old England's coast,
Had foundered in the gale.

Ah! lady, thy casket hath glorious gems,
But I envy not their shine;
They are meet alone for a happy heart,
And a brow as bright as thine,
For they could not give me my brothers back,
Were every jewel mine."

IDA CLIFFORD,

OR SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.

BY MRS. E. T. MARTYN.

CHAPTER III.—MISTAKES CORRECTED.

"In many ways does the full heart reveal,
The presence of the love it would conceal;
But in far more, the estranged heart lets know,
The absence of the love, which yet it fain would shew."

HEARTSICK and desolate, pining like a caged bird for her distant home, yet dreading to meet Walter Paulet, Ida listened in silence to the comments of Lady Denham on the absurdity of the step taken by Reginald Tremaine in exposing himself, to be killed by the fevers, or murdered by the natives of that horrid India.—There seemed now no hope for her on earth, and there were many hours in each day, when to her aching heart, life's burden seemed intolerable, and she would gladly have laid it down forever. In this state of mind, she received a letter from Walter Paulet, which at once decided her to return to her safe and quiet home in Gloucestershire. It was as follows—

"You have not been quite frank with me, my Ida, and were we now together, I should perhaps, as in days of old, give you a lecture on the subject, but I cannot find it in my heart to reproach you on paper, though the uneasiness you must have suffered, has pained me more than I can express. Did you not promise me, dearest, that if, when your feelings had been tried and tested, you found that you had mistaken gratitude and esteem for affection, you would come to me, and with the same admirable simplicity I have so loved, say frankly—'Walter, I have been deceived. As a friend, I will always love you, and we will still be to each other all we have been, but not in the way of which we once dreamed?' I will not attempt to deceive you by saying that I should have heard it without a painful struggle, but with one pressure of the hand, one sigh, one prayer, all would have been over.

"And now, my Ida, do you wonder how I have gained all this knowledge, withheld by you from motives of the purest kindness?

Not from what you have said, but from what you have left unsaid, do I understand fully all your embarrassment. Believe me, I have not read from childhood every thought of that guileless heart, to be deceived now, when the happiness of your whole life is at stake. And with the same feeling of almost paternal love with which I folded you when a child in my arms, do I now give back the generous promise you made me, I pronounce you free, free as though such a being as myself had never existed. In doing this, doubt not, dearest child, that all will ultimately be well with me. Even now, life has reassumed much of its former aspect, brightened indeed by the fond remembrance of what will ever be to me the sacred source of the sweetest, dearest emotions of my heart. Of your continued affection I am so certain, that I frankly confess to you, without this conviction, I could not calmly give you up, even to secure your own happiness. But I know you well enough to believe that rather than cause me pain, you would come to me to-morrow, and bind yourself anew, without one selfish regret for all you were giving up. And shall I, can I be less generous? Even amid the bewildering happiness of the moment in which you called yourself mine, my heart misgave me, for daring to accept the precious gift, and every hour's reflection since, has made me feel how much better for both it is, to continue only what we have been—the tenderest, truest, most devoted of friends. Do not think I say this merely to reconcile you to yourself. I have always spoken truth to you, and I speak it now, when I say, that to hear from you that you are happy, will render me so—happy in proportion to the love I bear you, and nothing could make this greater. Let me know from yourself, all your joys, your hopes and prospects, and remember only that in Walter Paulet you have a friend to whom Ida Clifford, and her interest, will always be the dearest and most valuable thing on earth. Farewell, I have said much, but not half I feel, of and for you. May heaven bless you."

"It comes too late," was Ida's first despairing feeling, as she read, with bitter tears, this transcript of Walter's heart—"It comes too late. I have now neither hope nor interest on earth." But calmer thoughts soon visited her, and then she acknowledged with deep thankfulness, the generosity which had freed her from the obligations she had voluntarily assumed, and whose pressure was now weighing her to the earth. "Freely, gladly, would I conse-

crate my life to the work of making Walter happy," she said to herself—"but not as his wife—not as his wife. Any thing rather than that—any thing rather than to utter vows at the altar which my heart does not sanction."

With this thought uppermost in her bosom, it is not strange that Ida met Walter Paulet on her return to Cumnor Hall, with a painful feeling of embarrassment and constraint. It was soon banished, however, by the frank and almost paternal kindness of his manner toward her, and she blessed him in her inmost soul, for the consideration and delicacy which had so well guarded their secret, that neither Sir John Ellerton nor good Aunt Pen had any suspicion of the relation once existing between them. All therefore went on outwardly as before at the Hall—and if Ida's cheek was less blooming, and her step less light than when she left for London, if her bird-like voice was seldom heard gushing forth in song, and the smile was now but a wintry reflection of its former radiance, the change was attributed by all but Walter, to the injurious effects of a city life, on the fragile constitution of the young girl. She was compelled to listen in silence to many a long homily from Aunt Pen on the evil consequences of late hours and crowded assemblies, and narrowly escaped being obliged to swallow various compounds, which under the name of tonics and alteratives, this modern Lady Bountiful was accustomed to distribute through the neighborhood. Too dispirited and heartsick to oppose these prescriptions in words, Ida sought refuge in her own chamber, or more frequently, in long and solitary rambles among the hills, and through the deep glades of the forest, seeking vainly to banish thought by physical activity. The young and imaginative Ida had not yet learned the secret of extracting sweetness from the cup of affliction, by forgetfulness and abnegation of self, in the noble work of seeking the welfare and happiness of others.

After a time, she was frequently joined in these walks by Walter Paulet, who studiously sought in every quiet and unobtrusive way to "minister to a mind diseased," and if possible "to pluck from memory that rooted sorrow," whose impress was stamped so legibly on every speaking feature. He led her gradually to talk of the past, of London and its associations, and at length as his gentle and soothing words fell like balm on her wounded heart, that poor, fluttering heart was once more laid open to his view as in other

days, with its burden of love, penitence and sorrow. She told him all—for when once her tongue was loosed, it seemed treason to such friendship as his, to keep back one thought or word, nor did she spare herself the pain of confessing how soon after her acquaintance with Reginald Tremaine began, all other sentiments were lost in the absorbing delight of seeing, hearing, and conversing with him. Only in speaking of the last sad interview, did she hesitate and falter, for she could not tell her companion why she had rejected the offered heart more precious to her than the wealth of worlds—or voluntarily refer to an engagement to which Walter himself had never once alluded since her return.

"My poor Ida!" he said tenderly, as she closed her recital—"you have felt and suffered so deeply, and I knew nothing of it until now! How much of pain and suspense might have been spared you, had I earlier learned the state of your affections. I feared indeed on seeing you first, that Reginald Tremaine had proved himself unworthy of your love, or that he had trifled with the priceless gift—but if he is what you believe him—if he knows how to prize the treasure he has won—why should you be unhappy? Surely, my dear child, you know me too well to believe that a groundless prejudice against a mere boy, would be allowed to influence my feelings now, and unexceptionable as he is in a worldly point of view, no objections on the part of your uncle are to be apprehended."

"Kind, generous Walter!" exclaimed the tearful Ida—"you do justice to every one but yourself. Do not, however, think me so selfish or heartless as to forget the claims you have nobly surrendered, even in the midst of my infatuation. When your generous letter arrived, I was indeed about to throw myself upon your mercy, and beg for the freedom you have given, but not that I might become the wife of another, for that can never, never be. Reginald Tremaine is now on his way to India, and we shall probably meet no more on earth."

"How is this, Ida? Have you acted so rashly, so impetuously, and that too in spite of the pleadings of your own heart? Do you remember when a child, throwing away the pearl bracelet sent you by Lady Denham, because little Lucy, the house-keeper's niece, cried for it, and Aunt Pen would not suffer you to give it her?—You are still, I see, the same impulsive generous being, but, my child, your happiness is too precious to be thus thrown away."

"Oh, do not fear for me, dear Walter—since this confession has been made, my heart is already lighter, and very soon, if you will continue to have patience with me, you shall see me, if not as joyous, at least as cheerful as before this unfortunate journey was ever thought of by us. Only let me feel that I have not made you unhappy, and I can bear any thing else."

"Unhappy! No dearest, at this moment I feel only the most delicious emotions of gratitude and joy, that in you, the child of my adoption, of my warm love, I have never yet been once disappointed. That heart is still, as when first I read it, open, truthful, unselfish, full of generous impulses. While I grieve that you have been so severely tried, I cannot but rejoice that young and inexperienced as you are, the test has been so nobly borne. Believe me, Ida, it is worth some suffering to be permitted thus to prove the strength of our own principles."

"Take care, Walter," said Ida, smiling through her tears, "how you spoil me by such flattery as this. It is far more dangerous, coming from your lips, for I am strongly tempted to take it for sober truth, and this is what I could never persuade myself of any of the fine speeches made to me by others."

When Ida returned home that day, her countenance had regained so much of its former brightness, that Aunt Pen exclaimed on seeing her—

"Bless me, child, if only tasting my conserve of lilies once has improved you so much, what would it do if you could be persuaded to take it every day?" Ida wisely refrained from undeceiving the good lady, who immediately added the case of the young girl to the list of wonderful cures performed by her favorite potion.

It was many months after Ida's return to Cumnor Hall, that the little family party was arranged in the library, nearly in the same manner as when first presented to the reader, excepting that now Sir John Ellerton was busily engaged in perusing for the third time, a letter received that morning from his solicitor in London. His eyebrows were elevated to their utmost extent—his lips firmly compressed, and every feature expressed as much surprise as it was in the nature of the phlegmatic baronet to feel. Aunt Pen's curiosity was on the alert, at the sight of these unusual symptoms of interest in her companion, but it was not until he had finished the third reading of the somewhat lengthy document that it was

likely to be gratified. Then, throwing down the letter with his accustomed expletive, he exclaimed—

“Now by our Lady, this news exceeds any thing I could ever have imagined. Here is a letter from honest James Dalrymple, informing me of the death of Geoffrey Hastings, that rascally cousin of mine who hoped to succeed me here, and who, think you, proves to be the heir of entail? Nay you would never guess, so I must e’en tell you—it is none other than that young scapegrace who came with Lady Denham to the Hall years ago, Reginald Tremaine. He was, it seems, adopted when an infant by Lord Alcester, his maternal uncle, as the heir to his title and estates, on the express condition that he should never know his real father, whom he was taught to suppose dead. The boy’s mother was no more, and Geoffrey, who would have coined his heart’s blood into ducats, readily agreed to this unnatural condition, which has always been kept by all the parties. The rascal has gone off it seems, in a fit of apoplexy induced by hard drinking, and Lord Alcester thought it necessary that the matter should be revealed to me, as the Ellerton estates were now to be united with the earldom in the person of young Tremaine. I am glad the thing stands just as it does, for the lad was a fine spirited youth, though somewhat of the wildest. By the way, child,” he continued, turning to Ida, who pale and trembling, had listened with breathless interest to this detail—“why did you not employ the time while you were in London, to captivate this young man, who is such a favorite with Lady Denham? It would have been just the thing for you, to have secured a good husband and this noble fortune at the same time.”

Poor Ida! It was well for her that Sir John was somewhat dull of apprehension, or the burning blushes that covered her face, the tremor of her frame, and the tears that instantly filled her eyes, would have half betrayed her secret. As it was, her emotion was attributed by Aunt Pen to offended modesty, and she hastily answered—

“Brother, I am surprised to hear you speak in this way to the child, as if it was the business of a young maiden to captivate those of the other sex. I hope Ida knows better what is due to her sex and herself.”

“I don’t know as it is their business,” retorted the baronet, “but

I am sure they make it their pleasure, and a pretty extensive traffic they sometimes carry on in it too. But as to Reginald Tremaine, it is not likely that a young man of his splendid expectations, should choose a portionless girl only for her pretty face, even were she as beautiful as the Venus de Medicis. So, Ida, you need not—but Ida had made her escape from the room, and thus the remainder of the sentence was forever lost to the world. When this discovery was announced to Walter, he seemed less surprised than Ida expected, for in truth it had some time before been made known to him by Lord Alcester with whom he had held correspondence, since after the death of Geoffrey Hastings, there was no longer any motive for concealment on the part of that nobleman. Nothing of all this, however, was hinted to Ida, and she attributed the want of *empressement* in Walter's manner, on hearing the news which to her had seemed so important, to a feeling of prejudice of which she believed him utterly unconscious.

"Not even Walter, excellent as he is, can feel with me on this subject," was her reflection as she parted from him—"nor understand that there is not one selfish expectation mingled with the joy I feel in what has given my uncle so much pleasure. It is only natural that I should take an interest in this subject, of which I have heard so much, but Reginald Tremaine can never be more to me than he has always been. He has probably, ere this, forgotten our brief acquaintance, or remembers it only as a passing folly, of which he would now blush to be guilty."

It must be confessed that bitter tears filled the eyes of the young girl as this thought forced itself upon her heart, but she had learned to struggle successfully with her emotions, and no traces of the conflict were visible when she entered the library after dinner, to read the evening paper to her uncle, though a slight tremor in her voice, might to an acute observer have betrayed the mental agitation she had undergone.

Ida's nineteenth birthday at length arrived, and she was to spend it at the Grange with Walter and his mother, to whom she had long been a household spirit of love and joy. Never had nature seemed to her so beautiful, never so like a tender mother, wooing all her children by a thousand gentle ministries, to rest and peace, as on that pleasant morning of the early spring, and as she entered the drawing-room of the Grange, her cheeks glowing with health

and happiness, and her hair decked with wild flowers on whose delicate petals the dew was still glistening—she looked so lovely, that Walter exclaimed half jestingly—

“Really, Ida, you are dazzling this morning—I must hide my weak eyes lest so much brightness should overpower them.” And lovely she was, beyond expression, not only in form and feature, but with the “spirit’s light” diffusing over her whole person an air of purity, of elevation, and repose, which gave a charm almost magical to every look and every movement. The thrilling sweetness of her smile, the haunting melody of her voice, had both their source in a subdued but not forgotten sorrow, and those who looked on that sweet face, felt that the rays which lighted it, were only from above.

The day passed rapidly and cheerfully to Ida and her friends, in rambling through the grounds, reading, and conversation, and Walter was about to accompany her home, when he was called out, to receive the letters which had just been brought by his servant from the neighboring post town. After the delay of a few moments, he reentered the room, with an appearance of excitement which did not escape the attention of Ida, but no remark was made by her, until she had parted from her aged companion and found herself alone with Walter.

“Something has occurred to agitate you,” she said, “may I ask what it is? Have you received unpleasant intelligence to-night?”

“Does my face tell a story of bad news?” was his answer, accompanied with a smile which at once set Ida’s heart at rest—“may not joy bring excitement as well as sorrow?”

“And what is there which can give you such joy? But forgive me, Walter, the question is an idle one, and does not deserve an answer. You have spoiled me by your indulgence, and must expect to reap the consequences.”

“Not so, Ida, the question is perfectly proper, and I was about to tell you the occasion of my joy. I have just received a letter from a friend whom I have not seen for years, and who is about to visit the Hall, in fact he may be expected to arrive to-morrow.”

“An old friend—and coming to the Hall, instead of the Grange—and pray who may this stranger be?”

“It is Lord Alcester, Ida, of whom you may have heard your uncle speak, though until recently, they were comparative strangers.”

Lord Alcester! The uncle of Reginald Tremaine, coming to the Hall—and for what was he coming? Ida's heart for a moment stood still, but with a great effort rallying herself, she replied—

"I did not imagine that Lord Alcester was personally known to you, Walter—I have never heard you speak of him before."

"It is, as I said, many years since we have met, but we are nevertheless on the best possible terms, and I shall rejoice to welcome his Lordship to the Hall for many reasons which I cannot now explain to you. Let me bespeak for him a friendly reception from my little Ida here, who looks now as though on any thing but 'hospitable thoughts' intent."

"Indeed I cannot be glad of his coming, even if he is your friend, Walter, for I have no doubt he is cold, and proud, and fastidious, and I shall seem an awkward country maiden in his eyes. But I am very childish—what is the opinion of this old lord to me?"

"What indeed!" said Walter with a laugh which seemed to Ida the most jarring and dissonant she had ever heard from him—"if you do not like him, you can easily come to the Grange and remain during his stay at the Hall."

So it was arranged, and Ida, who was sure she should not like Lord Alcester, already began to form plans for the disposal of her time while at the Grange. She found the household of her uncle all in a flutter of expectation and delight, and was at once taken into consultation by Aunt Pen, about the important question of preparing the blue chamber or the brown, for their expected guest. At the appointed hour, all was in readiness for the arrival of his Lordship, and Ida, whose spirits were oppressed, she could not hardly tell why, stole from the house to her favorite retreat, a small summer arbor in the garden, to which with her books and work, she was accustomed to resort. Here, lost in thought, she became unconscious of every thing about her, and though a shadow darkened the doorway, it did not rouse her from her reverie, until a voice whose lightest tone thrilled through every pulse, pronounced the one word—"Ida!" It was indeed a living hand that took hers and poured upon it a shower of warm kisses—it was a living face, radiant with hope and joy, which met her gaze as she looked up, unable to believe in the blissful reality.

"Reginald Tremaine"—she murmured—"how can this be? Is it not all a dream that you are here? And where then is Lord Alcester?"

"He is before you, sweetest Ida, not less welcome I hope, than Reginald Tremaine would have been. Under either name, dearest, my heart is all your own, and absence has only taught me, how entirely every hope of earthly happiness is dependent upon you. Say, beloved, must I still be doomed to disappointment? Let one look, one little word, answer me."

That Ida's answer was satisfactory to her lover, may be inferred from the fact, that when after the lapse of more than an hour they returned to the house, an expression of happiness almost too perfect for earth, was on the countenance of each, and while Ida escaped to her own room, Lord Alcester sought the presence of Sir John Ellerton, with whom he had a long, and apparently interesting conference. The baronet was astonished to learn that his portionless Ida had indeed captivated the young earl, and gladly gave his consent to a union which promised to fulfil the dearest wish of his heart, by retaining the Ellerton estates in the direct line of his own family. And Walter—to whom all this happiness was owing—who had written to Reginald Tremaine in India, counselling his return, and freely relinquishing in his favor, any claim he might be supposed to have to the hand of Ida Clifford—was there no pang at his heart, as he joined the family circle at dinner, and witnessed the happiness of the long-divided lovers? If it were so, no mortal eye saw the conflict, for in all that cheerful group, not one face was radiant with a more serene and heartfelt joy than that of Walter Paulet. And well might it be so, for he tasted the purest bliss ever conferred on mortals, that of feeling himself the instrument of making others happy.

"Ida," he said to the blushing girl, as seated at her lover's side, she was listening with entranced attention to his whispered words of tenderness—"you were not to like this dreaded Lord Alcester, you know. Will you not return with me to the Grange, until he takes his departure from the Hall? or has the sober second thought decided you to endure his presence for a short season?"

"How is this, Ida"—said Lord Alcester—"something very like treason, I fear, from these tell-tale blushes," looking fondly on the glowing cheek now turned away from his gaze.

"I will not deny the charge, Reginald," she replied gaily—"it is indeed true that I did both fear and dread the Lord Alcester whom I expected to see. But you must not be too severe upon me for it,

or I shall be tempted to remind you of a certain occasion, on which you flatly refused my offered hand in this very room, because I was not handsome enough to be your wife."

"If this be indeed so, Ida, for I can hardly believe that I could ever have been so blind, it only proves that in my case, and may I not hope in yours also—"second thoughts are best."

PARAPHRASE

OF THE THIRTY-EIGHTH CHAPTER OF JOB.

BY MRS. S. M. CLARKE.

WHEN earth's foundation first was laid in air,
Where wast thou then, vain, boasting man, declare?
Who bore above the mighty pillars, say?
Who laid the corner-stone in that great day,
When morning stars for joy together sang,
And shouts of joy through Heaven's vast concave rang?
Who fasten'd in the ever-tossing deep,
Fixing the bounds that its proud waves should keep,
And bade wild clouds and dark forevermore,
O'er its broad bosom sweep from shore to shore?
Hast thou commanded, since thy little day,
The morning light, and bade it know its way?
Hast thou descended deep into the sea?
Or have the gates of death been ope'd to thee—
The fearful place where shadows darkest lie—
Far, far beyond the ken of mortal eye?

Canst thou lift up thy voice to distant clouds,
And will they hear thee, and their fleecy shrouds
Cover thee o'er, in days of draught, with rain?
Canst thou bid the lightning flash along the main?

Who hath put wisdom in the unseen part,
And fill'd with understanding man's deep heart?
And who provideth for the ravens food,
When their young cry with hunger unto God?

LITTLE FRANK,
OR THE YOUNG DISCIPLE.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

"Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." BIBLE.

IN this world, originally pronounced by the Creator, "very good," though sin has marred its freshness and beauty, and left every where the impress of corruption and decay—we occasionally find traces of the divine Maker's hand, which retain their primitive loveliness, and which lead our thoughts directly to Him who is the uncreated source and fountain of all excellence. Thus, in some secluded nook—some sheltered glade of the forest, wild flowers are blooming, unseen by mortal eye, untouched by mortal hand, which in beauty and perfume far exceed the proudest ornaments of the parterre. No florist's skill has mingled those brilliant colors, or arranged the delicate petals. They were placed there by God himself—and they speak eloquently not only of his power and wisdom and beneficence, but of that mysterious principle of beauty which pervades the whole material universe.

And so it is in the moral world. Amid the bleak and widespread desolations of the fall, the heart of the christian is sometimes cheered by the sight of spiritual blossoms, opening beneath the rays of the Sun of righteousness, which are so manifestly the work of the Holy Spirit alone, that with admiring gratitude we are forced to exclaim—"This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes."

The home of little Frank was in a pleasant New England village, where almost every variety of scenery combined to render the prospect enchanting to the eye of the beholder. The lofty mountain which like a frowning sentinel looked down upon those quiet homes—the silver lake glittering in the sunshine, or sleeping beneath the moonbeams—the swelling uplands, the rich meadows, the green valleys, these were pictures familiar to his infant eye, long before he could understand the nature of the emotions they

awakened. From infancy, little Frank was uncommonly lovely in person and disposition, not only in the eyes of his fond parents, but in the estimation of all who knew him. He was full of life and spirits—active, fearless and energetic, yet his little heart overflowed with kindness and affection for every living thing, and was poured out in a flood of tenderness on the playmate of his childhood, his darling sister Ellen, two years younger than himself.

When little Ellen was between four and five years old, she spent the night at the house of a christian friend, where she learned a form of infant prayer which greatly interested and delighted her. On her return home, she informed Frank of the acquisition she had made, and he immediately knelt by her side and repeated the words from her lips, until he too had learned the prayer perfectly. From that time, through the following winter, these dear children were in the habit of rising before the rest of the family, for morning devotions. They would raise the damper of the air-tight stove in their sleeping room, and after reading a chapter in the Bible bow down together at the feet of that gracious Savior who when on earth took such little ones into his arms and blessed them.—The parents of Frank and Ellen were not professedly pious, and had not then felt the importance of the early religious instruction of their beloved children, hence the deep impression made upon their minds, must be traced directly to the influences of the Holy Spirit. Nothing but the power of God could thus have affected the hearts of these little ones, surrounded as they were with every thing calculated to render life desirable, or earth pleasant and attractive.

One day little Frank came to his mother, his sweet face all radiant with joy as he exclaimed—"Oh, mother, I have found such a beautiful prayer in my Rollo book, and I have learned it all—may I say it to you?" The mother willingly assented, and laying aside his book, the dear child knelt at her feet, and with closed eyes and hands devoutly folded, repeated the form of prayer with an emphasis and fervor which showed that in heart he had adopted, and made it his own. How many among the thousands of children to whom these popular and instructive works are familiar as "household words," have ever suspended their reading to ponder and commit to memory that simple prayer? Alas—we fear that by most of them it would be regarded as the least inter-

esting part of the whole volume. But little Frank loved prayer. It was to him the sweetest of all earthly employments, and we cannot doubt, that in childlike simplicity and faith, he held communion while yet on earth, with Him in whose presence he now rejoices forevermore.

At the age of seven years, little Frank was attacked with a brain fever, and it soon became evident to his agonized friends that he was about to be taken from them, and removed to a higher sphere of service and enjoyment. The clergyman of the parish called to see him, and was requested by his weeping mother to address the throne of grace on their behalf. We shall give the description of this touching scene in his own words.—

“When I entered the room,” said the clergyman, “I found little Frank apparently in great agony, moaning with every breath, and turning from side to side with the restlessness peculiar to the terrible disease which had fastened itself upon him. His eyes were closed—his rich auburn hair lying in damp masses upon his high, white forehead, and every feature of that sweet childish face, expressive of intense suffering. As he seemed unconscious of every thing save pain, I hesitated at first to lead in prayer, lest the sound of my voice might affect him injuriously, but on second thought, was constrained to bring this trying case to Jesus. The moment I commenced prayer, the groaning of the little sufferer ceased entirely, and the stillness of death pervaded the chamber until the close of the exercise. Never shall I forget the sight that met my eyes as I opened them on rising from my knees. There lay little Frank, his head stretched forward upon the pillow towards me, his soft black eyes gazing intently on my face, and his whole countenance eloquent with an emotion which words have no power to express. After my departure, he called his little sister to his bedside, and said to her—‘Ellen, I am sick and am going to die, and go to heaven to live with Jesus. Mr. — has just been here to pray with me, and now I want you to pray with me too.’ The child instantly knelt by the bed, and repeated the prayer they had so many times offered together in health and gladness. In the middle of the night, soon after, little Frank cried out—‘I must have some one to pray with me, call my sister Ellen to pray with me.’ This child of five years was accordingly called up in the night to pray with her dying brother, and her childish petitions

seemed to have the power of soothing and comforting him beyond expression."

His happy spirit was at length released from its suffering tenement, and (who can doubt?) carried by angels into the presence of the Savior, whom having not seen, he yet loved with all the fervor of his young and guileless heart.

"Free from sorrow, free from strife,
In the world of love and life,
Where no sinful thing hath trod,
In the presence of our God!
Spotless, blameless, glorified,
Happy child! thou shalt abide."

THE COUNTRY MEETING HOUSE.

BY MRS. M. A. HOWLAND.

No towering marble fane
Nor ivied walls were there;
It stood beneath the shadowing hills
A simple place of prayer.

Nor gold, nor burnish'd oak,
In lofty arch inwrought,
Shone through the dim and color'd air,
With eastern odors fraught.

Nor the full organ's peal
Swelled thro' the dome on high,
Nor pride, nor rank, nor saintly cowl,
O'er marbled aisles swept by.

Nor was it nature's fane,
God's temple of the grove,
Where mid wild flowers, and warbling birds,
Is breathed the voice of love.

The rough walls were o'er grown
With briar, weed and wood,
Circling the flowery turf whereon
This sanctuary stood.

THE COUNTRY MEETING HOUSE.

Its plain white walls were all undeck'd,
 As best besecm'd the place ;
 Its rustic benches, oaken floors,
 Spoke a laborious race.

And gathered there, they meekly knelt,
 They of the sunburnt brow,
 The stalwort arm, and sturdy heart,
 That but to God will bow.

True hearted woman, with her smile
 Of pure and holy love,
 In meek devotion bent to implore
 Protection from above.

Aye, worship here—ye humble souls,
 Blest in your childlike faith ;
 Accepted in his holy name
 Who loved you unto death.

Art thou not with the lowly ? Thou
 Who from thy throne on high,
 Dost bow in boundless love to hear
 Thy lowliest creature's sigh ?

And smiling on this temple dome,
 Thy gracious presence owns,
 As kings and priests and sons of God,
 These meek but favor'd ones.

Oh, bless them ever—may thy face
 Still smile upon this fane,
 Till made all glorious by thy grace,
 They rise with thee to reign.

PEOPLE who are benevolent and humble, are always grateful for the good you think of them, and the good you do them ; should your feelings excel and become emulous of conferring honor and happiness on them, these shall be your greatest treasures ; they shall be rated as too good for their claiming or use, and be garnered up as things one is made rich and happy to think of, never demeaned to any common use, and held too sacred for praises.—
 HOOKER.

HOUSEHOLD SKETCHES.—No. II.

BY MRS. MARY GRAHAM.

NO.

I WAS spending an afternoon with my friend Mrs. H——, who has four children. Like other children, they are active, restless, and overflowing with wants. Every few minutes one and another came into the room where we were sitting, and always to prefer some request.

"Can't I have a piece of cord? we want to play horses," said a little boy, five years old, bounding into the room and dashing his hands into a work basket.

"No, you cannot," replied the mother, "I've something else to do with cord besides letting you waste it after your fashion. You've destroyed more cord for me than your head is worth."

But Charley was not prepared for a negative. Ere his mother was done speaking, a piece of cord was between his fingers, and he was making off with his prize. Perceiving this, Mrs. H—— called after him.

"You Charley! Bring back that piece of cord this moment."

But Charley heeded not. He had come with the intention of obtaining a piece of cord, and he had accomplished his object.

"I never saw such a persevering, determined child in my life," said the mother. "One might as well say 'No' to the east wind."

While she was yet speaking, Harry, who was two years older, entered—

"Lend me your scissors a minute," said he, "I want to make a kite." His little frame was quivering under the eagerness of his purpose.

"No, you can't have them," replied the mother.

"O yes! Please do let me have them, mother," urged the child, beginning to search through the work basket as he spoke. "I only want them a minute, just to cut me a kite."

"I tell you, No!" said Mrs. H——, positively. "You are not going to have my scissors."

As she said this, the little hand of Harry grappled the object of his search, and he turned to leave the room.

"You Harry! Didn't I say you couldn't have my scissors? Bring them back this instant!"

"Yes, ma'am, as soon as I cut my kite," returned the child, disappearing through the door.

"You Harry!" called the mother. But no Harry answered or returned.

"Anna, go and get the scissors this minute," said Mrs. H—, speaking to a girl who was in the room.

The girl went after Harry, but did not return for some four or five minutes.

"Have you got my scissors?" asked Mrs. H—.

"Yes, ma'am, but I had to wait until Harry had cut out his kite."

"I'll see that he don't get them again," remarked the mother, "the persevering little rebel!"

It was but a few minutes ere Harry was in the room again with another want to urge.

"Mother, give me some cotton to fly my kite."

"I've no cotton for you."

"Oh, yes you have. See! here's just a little bit on this spool. Let me have this."

"No—no! You'r not going to have it. Didn't I tell you not to take my scissors just now? And how well you minded me!"

"Just this little bit, mother!"

"No. I tell you no. Now just walk out, and don't let me see you here again for an hour."

"Let me have the cotton to fly my kite, and I won't trouble you any more."

"Very well," said the mother, catching at the promise. "Run off with you, and don't let me see your face again during the whole afternoon."

Harry was off like a flash. He had gained his end by a resolute course of action, which had, no doubt, served his purpose hundreds of times before.

"That boy'll get through the world," was the mother's self-satisfied reply, when we were alone again.

"What do you want now?" fell from her lips in the next moment, as Harry entered again.

"Won't you tie on my bob?" said he, holding up his unfinished kite. "I can't do it."

"No, I've got no time to attend to you," promptly replied the mother.

"Here, Anna, you tie it on, won't you?" and the child appealed to the servant.

"I'm too busy," replied Anna, who had caught the mother's spirit.

"Let me tie it for you," said I.

"Oh, no, don't trouble yourself about it," said Mrs. H——. "It is'nt of any consequence whether he gets it tied on or not. It won't amuse him five minutes."

I tied on the child's bob, and away he sprang, wild with delight. And thus the scene continued. Every few minutes one or another of the children came into the room to ask some little service from those older and more skillful than themselves, and in every case the answer was—"NO."

But, not once was this answer regarded. The little wanting creatures had learned, that only by perseverance and a disregard of their mother's commands could they obtain the objects they desired. Thus, by a system of extortion and disobedience did they secure their rights in the household. Under this system the mother was constantly fretted; and the children injured in their character and temperaments. She, too mindful of her own ease, and the orderly arrangement of her household, forgot how much was due to the eager, restless little ones whom Heaven had committed to her charge. She forgot that they had desires and impulses without reflection; that the way to begin their education for this world and the next, was to lead them by their affections and wants, instead of checking and restraining them at every point. "No" is a word that a child should hear only when the obligation to say "no" is imperative; and this will be often enough.

By tea time, both Harry and Charley had been condemned to their chamber and their bed for perseveringly exacting what their mother had denied. And, in every case of such exaction, the request, when made, ought to have been granted. The desire was natural and innocent, and its gratification would have done the children good. But the "no" habit marred every thing, and, in the end, made both the mother and children unhappy.

Mrs. H—— gave me an early tea, so that I could return home before it grew dark. On going up to the chamber to get my things, I saw Harry and Charley, two sweet little children, lying side by

side, fast asleep. They were in their night-gowns, the nurse having been directed to put them to bed as a punishment. A tear was upon each of their cheeks. The mother sighed as she saw this token of the grief they had suffered.

"Ah, me!" said she. "I wish I knew how to govern them aright."

"I'm afraid you say '*no*' too often," I ventured to suggest.

"Perhaps I do," she replied, thoughtfully. "Indeed, I am always saying *No*: and yet, it does little good."

I said no more. But, I trust the word I made bold to utter, will live in her mind and modify all her actions toward the dear children for whom she is responsible to Heaven.

HELLEBORUS ORIENTALIS—BEAR'S-FOOT HELLEBORE.

SEE FLOWER PLATE.

GEN. CHAR.—Calyx, wanting; corolla, six-petalled; stamens, six; pistils, three; capsules, three, many-sided. SPE. CHAR.—Raceme, more than decomposed; corollas, erect.

This plant is said to be a native of England, where it was first discovered, but is found growing wild in the northern parts of the United States and the Canadas. This plant is highly spoken of as being useful in the treatment of asthmatic and hypochondriacal disorders: for these complaints it should be administered in the form of pills, prepared from the extract, of about five grains each: from one to two pills may be given at a dose. The infusion is prepared by adding one ounce of the dried leaves to one pint of diluted alcohol. After it has stood ten or twelve days, express and filter, when it is ready for use. The juice of the green leaves of the Bear's-foot, made into a syrup with coarse sugar, is a most valuable vermifuge against worms. Before pressing out the juice, moisten the bruised leaves, which are a little succulent, with some vinegar, which is a corrector of this medicine, and prevents it from inducing great sickness, or much vomiting. Of this syrup give one teaspoonful at bed-time, and one or two in the morning, on two or three successive days, to children from two to six years of age, increasing or diminishing the dose a little, according to the strength of the patient.

GOD IN HIS WORKS.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

"WHILE I WAS MUSING THE FIRE BURNED."

Be not afraid, speak out the thoughts that burn
Within the inner chambers of the soul.
Speak forth the language of the impassioned heart,
Enwraught, and filled with adoration pure
Of Him, whose presence fills immensity.

Converse with nature, vocal is her voice.
'Tis heard in all things. Every tree and shrub,
Mountain and hill and dale. In rivulets,
In oceans, seas, and lakes; rivers that wind
In silvery brightness thro' the forests green.
In purling brooks leaping from prisoned beds,
And dancing gaily onward in their course.

Those glorious Falls that roll and thunder out
Their pealing anthem, in their startling sweep
O'er cragged rocks, dashing impetuous down
The steep descent, as if old Ocean's waves
Had burst their bounds, and sought to mingle with
Niagara's proud and foaming cataract.

In bows of beauty rising from the mist,
In shades as soft, in hues as beautiful
As those first seen, when on Mount Ararat
The Ark delighted, found a quiet rest.
When God's own finger arched the bending sky,
With hues, which spoke his promise sure to man.

In flowers that deck the valley, the parterre,
All redolent with life and sweet perfume

These, and the glorious sun that shines by day,
And moon and lesser orbs that rule by night,
Are living preachers all, to thoughtless man.
All nature has a tongue, speaks forth a language
Of winged words that sound upon the air,
Interpreting to man the thoughts that burn
Within his bosom, felt, but unexpressed,
Proclaiming loud in eloquence divine,
The matchless skill of Him who made the world
And threw it forth from his own hand complete,
Perfect and beautiful in every part.

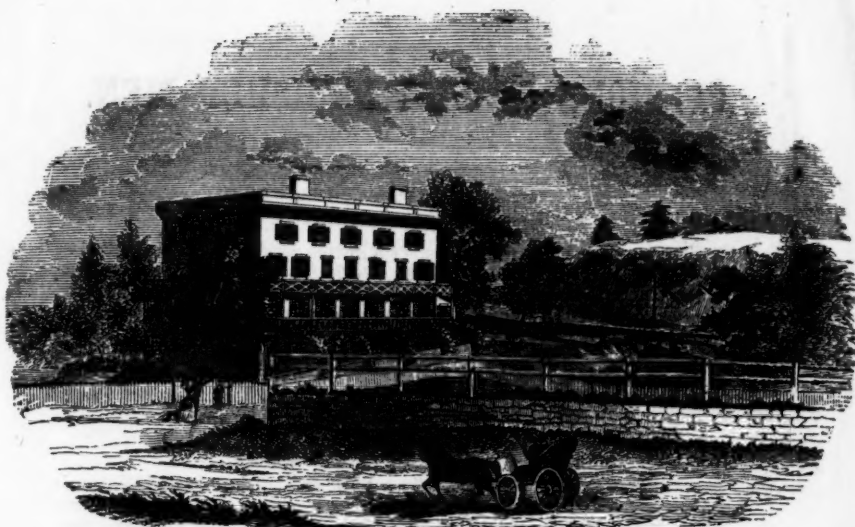
Still beautiful, tho' deeply marred by sin.
Tho' blossoms droop, and death has power o'er all,
Still, still 'tis beautiful. For grace has taught
The soul in converse with the Deity,
To view God in his works, and him adore
As the great Architect and Lord of all.

Sag Harbor, L. I., May, 1849.

BOSTON, AND BUNKER HILL, FROM THE EAST.

SEE ENGRAVING.

Boston, from William's Island, is very picturesque. The town rises gradually from the water's edge to the height surmounted by the State House, whose lofty cupola brings to a point all the ascending lines of the picture; Dorchester Heights rise gracefully on the left limit of the bay, and Bunker Hill, famous in American story, breaks the horizon on the right. In the centre lie the forest of shipping, and the fine ranges of commercial buildings on the water side; and turning from this view, the harbor, with its many small islands, stretches away behind to the sea, tracked by steamers, and sprinkled by craft of every size and nation. Like every other bay in the world, that of Boston has been compared to Naples; but it has neither its violet sky, nor its volcano, yet it may be mentioned in the same day. Close under the eye of the spectator here, lies that part of the town formerly the fashionable quarter, but now very much what Red Lion Square and its precincts are to London. There is still existing (or there was, some six or eight years since) the house of Governor Hutchinson, of which the mouldings were brought from London, and in which the drawing-room panels were portraits of his family, in their youth. This is still a very roomy and well-built, and must once have been a rather luxurious house. We are apt to fancy that our straight-laced ancestors from England lived parsimoniously, and denied themselves the elegances of modern luxury; but antiquarian researches exhibit a different state of things. "In the principal houses," says the discourse of a learned gentleman on this subject, "there was a great hall, ornamented with pictures and a great lantern, and a velvet cushion in the window-seat which looked into the garden. On either side was a great parlor, a little parlor, or study. These were furnished with great looking-glasses, Turkey carpets, window curtains and valance, pictures, and a map, a brass clock, red leather-back chairs, and a great pair of brass andirons. The chambers were well supplied with feather beds, warming-pans, and every other article that would now be thought necessary for comfort or display. The pantry was well filled with substantial fare and dainties. Silver tankards, wine-cups, and other articles of plate, were not uncommon; and the kitchen was completely stocked with pewter, iron, and copper utensils. Very many families employed servants."



MOUNT PROSPECT INSTITUTE.

THIS SCHOOL is located in West Bloomfield, N. J., fifteen miles distant from New-York City, and six from Newark, upon a commanding eminence of 800 feet above the level of the ocean, from which a clear view is obtained of New-York, Brooklyn, the Bay, and the surrounding country. This location, for retirement, health, salubrity of atmosphere, and beauty of mountain scenery, is not surpassed by any in the country. It is easy of access, having direct communication with New-York four times a day. The object of this Institution is to prepare Young Gentlemen for entering college, or a business life, by a thorough and systematic course of instruction. The Principal does not desire a large School, but a select number of Pupils, well disciplined, and willing to be guided in the path of virtue and usefulness. In order to secure and retain desirable members of this School, no vicious or unprincipled boy is received, and no one retained in the School whose influence is immoral, or in any way injurious to his associates. The Pupils enjoy the comforts of a home in the family of the Principal, being invited to the parlor, where they associate with other members of the family and those who frequently visit the Institution.

The Government of the School is conducted on strictly religious principles, and the pupils are controlled by appeals to their moral feelings, rather than by fear of punishment. The Bible is the standard of morals, and each Pupil is required to study it daily; also, to attend church with the Principal on the Sabbath. Being desirous to secure a proper degree of correspondence in dress, and prevent some of the evils arising from different styles of clothing in the same family, a uniform dress has been adopted for the School. The year is divided into sessions of five months each, commencing on the first of May and November. It is desired that the Pupils should not be absent during the session, and that parents should visit them at the Institution.

TERMS.

No Scholar will be received for less time than one quarter, and no deduction will be made for voluntary absence.

Each article of clothing must be marked with the owner's name, and an inventory placed in each trunk of all the articles belonging to the School.

The charges for Board and Tuition in the English branches and Mathematics are from \$40 to \$45 per quarter; in the Latin and Greek languages, \$50. Extra for the French, German, or Spanish language, \$5; Drawing and Painting, each, \$5; Music, with use of the Piano, \$10. Payments will be required quarterly in advance.

THE UNIFORM OF THE SCHOOL.

The coat and pantaloons of very dark blue cloth; the coat, single breasted, to button to the throat, with ten gilt buttons, upon the collar, placed three inches back—the collar to turn over, with the corners round.

For Summer, the dress suit is the dark blue coat and white pantaloons. That for common use should be grey, made of the material known as "youth's mixt." For very warm weather, brown linen or drilling.

Suits are made by Messrs. THORNS & JARVIS, 414 Broadway, New-York, where the buttons, made expressly for the School, may be obtained.

Caps, of a particular pattern, designed for the School, are made by Mr. MHALIO, 416 Broadway, New-York.

N. B.—Those entering the School are not expected to discard their every day clothing, but when worn out to renew it with the uniform of the School.

WARREN HOLT, PRINCIPAL AND PROPRIETOR.

REFERENCES.—Rev. William Adams, D. D. New-York; Rev. Henry White, D. D. do.; Rev. Milton Badger, do.; Rev. John J. Owen, do.; Horace Eaton, do.; Jonathan Leavitt, Esq. do.; W. M. Wilson, Esq., 23 Water Street; W. M. Brownson, Esq., 56 Gold Street; Newton Hayes, Esq., Franklin House, New-York; Rev. I. S. Spencer, D. D., Brooklyn; Dr. A. A. Smith, Newark; S. R. Parkhurst, Esq., 116 First Avenue, New-York; E. R. Yale, Esq., Brooklyn; Tunis Van Brunt, Esq., Jamaica; A. Campbell, Esq., Brooklyn; George Loder, Esq., New-York.

OPINIONS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

JUDGE LEWIS, Lancaster, Pa.

It gives me great pleasure to recommend to the patronage of the public the periodical entitled the "Ladies' Wreath." The ability with which the work is conducted, and the highly elevated character of its general contents, entitle it to the special favor of the moral and religious portion of society. Each number is beautifully illustrated with engravings, executed in a masterly style. It is Edited by Mrs. S. T. Martyn, a lady of high literary reputation, and one of the best writers in our country. All things considered, I know of no work of the kind so deserving of public patronage.

ELLIS LEWIS, Lancaster, Pa.

JUDGE HAYS, Lancaster, Pa.

I have examined very extensively the periodical entitled the "Ladies' Wreath," and heartily recommend it to all who desire a very cheap, elegant, and instructive periodical. The highly moral and religious aims of the work, and the excellent lessons it contains in relation to the formation and improvement of character, especially female character, make it an admirable book for families—whilst the elegance of the embellishments, and the style in which it is got up, render it an ornament to the centre-table.

A. D. HAYS, Lancaster, Pa.

GOVERNOR COOLIDGE, of Vt.

I have derived much pleasure from the perusal of the "Ladies' Wreath," Edited by Mrs. S. T. Martyn, and published in the City of New York. My examination of the work has led me to regard it as eminently calculated to create a pure taste, and fix sound moral and religious principles in all who shall habitually read it. If it be found, as I think it will, supplanting the various periodical and occasional publications that, by their sickly sentimentality, now enervate the minds and corrupt the hearts of tens of thousands in our country, and stimulate vicious propensities to early budding, the accomplished conductor will not have labored in vain. The highly virtuous tone of its reading matter, the beautiful style of its embellishments, the excellence of its typography, with the low price at which it is offered, all unite very strongly to recommend it to the patronage of every family in the land.

CARLOS COOLIDGE.

Windsor, Vt., May 17, 1849.

LADIES' WREATH.—We refer with pleasure at all times to this truly excellent periodical. Its Editor, Mrs. S. T. Martyn, is a graceful and eminently chaste writer, every line of which is imbued with a high moral tone and a fervor of spirituality calculated to reach the heart and better the affections. The follies and trash of the ultra-fashionable world find no place in her Magazine, though every inducement is urged in its pages to aid the march of true refinement, to exalt the intellectual powers, and impart a quiet and harmonious charm to the associations of the domestic circle. The Wreath has a corps of contributors whose names stand second to none in the annals of American literature, either individually or professionally, many of whom are among the first Divines in the land. It is beautifully printed, and each number is embellished with two engravings, one of which is uniformly a well executed Flower Plate. The number for present July, contains a landscape View of Kingston, Canada West, and a flower plate representing in groupe the China Aster, Spring Crocus, Morning Glory, with a life-like resemblance. The price is \$1 per annum.

—Waterbury American.

